

## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

LOCAL NEWS AND HOME READING,  
PUBLISHED AT  
BLOOMFIELD, ESSEX CO., NEW JERSEY,  
BY THE  
Bloomfield Publishing Company.

\$2.00 a Year, in advance. Single Copies, 5c.

THE EDITORIAL AND NEWS DEPARTMENTS ARE UNDER  
THE SUPERVISION OF A BOARD OF DIRECTORS, BY  
WHOM THE EDITORS ARE SELECTED AND THE BUSINESS  
OF THE NEWSPAPER CONTROLLED.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADVERTISEMENTS AND COMMUNICATIONS  
OF ANY KIND, SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO  
"THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN," P.O. BOX 280, BLOOMFIELD,  
NEW JERSEY. OUR OFFICE IS OVER THE  
POST OFFICE.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY  
THE AUTHOR'S NAME, IN CONFIDENCE, OR FOR  
PUBLICATION. REJECTED OR UNAVAILABLE ARTICLES,  
HAVING PROPER STAMP AND ADDRESS, WILL  
BE RETURNED.

WHILE IT IS THE FULL INTENTION OF THE EDITORS  
TO ALLOW THE LARGEST LIBERTY TO CONTRIBUTORS,  
IT MUST BE DISTINGUISHEDLY UNDERSTOOD THAT  
WE DO NOT THUS EXPOSE THEIR OPINIONS,  
OR ARE IN ANY SENSE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEM.

NEWS ITEMS, NOTICES AND REPORTS MUST BE SENT  
TO THE OFFICE NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY EVENING  
OF EACH WEEK, IF THEY ARE TO APPEAR  
IN THE CURRENT NUMBER.

TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES,  
SPACE INSTEAD. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PER  
MANENT MATTER, APPLY AS ABOVE.

## Public Monuments.

By the contribution of \$250,000 the citizens of Brooklyn have provided for the erection of a soldier's monument on the plaza, at the entrance to Prospect Park. A contract for the pedestal has been made with Mr. Hunt and for the statue with Mr. J. Q. A. Ward.

The collection of a similar amount for the Bartholdi statue under the persistent begging of the New York World, and the effort now making to raise \$1,000,000 for the memorial to General Grant, marks, we trust, a new era in the growth of the metropolis of the new world. With all our progress in wealth, little has been done in America to cultivate the taste for beauty in art. Our public buildings are few in number and largely devoid of architectural beauty. Few monuments of any kind have been erected. Travellers in Europe are continually amazed by the vast cathedrals, memorials and collections of art, which attract their attention in even the smaller cities, gathered through the efforts of public functionaries, or by the munificent gifts of individuals. These memorials, churches, halls, statues and art museums are the pride of the cities, talked of and exhibited with satisfaction to tourists. Little of this kind is to be found at home, and perhaps less is thought of the few worthy objects which do exist. We need to adopt the motto, "Encourage the beautiful, for the useful will take care of itself."

## The Negro.

The Hon. Frederick Douglass delivered an address at Nantuxet, Massachusetts, August, 23d, in which he spoke of the progress and needs of the colored race. The occasion was the anniversary of his first anti-slavery speech delivered on the island forty-four years ago. The speaker referred to his early experiences as a fugitive slave, to the difficulties met with in going from place to place, and to the improved conditions of the colored race, in consequence of the changes which have taken place in the political opinions of the majority of the people. When a boy he was often forcibly thrust from the cars by the combined strength of the train hands, carrying with him at times several car-seats and reducing his clothing to shreds. Now instead of being obliged to ride in the "Jim-crow" car, he was permitted to ride everywhere, to sit at the same table with white men at the hotels, and to appear upon platforms before the most cultivated audiences.

He is often asked as to the negro of the South—is he improving? "To this question he has several answers. One is, Are the white men improving? Are they learning to work? Are they becoming more just, more generous, less autocratic towards the colored people? Once they held them in bondage, then when war broke the bonds of slavery, they thought they might do without them altogether, and so they persecuted them until many left their own houses for the north. But they soon discovered their mistake. The muscle of the negro proved his salvation, and the masters were glad enough to get them back. They did not cease their oppression, however; they only changed its form. Whereas before they had robbed them of their liberty, they now robbed them of their wages. Even this could not last, and they are learning that if they would retain their help upon the farm and in the factory they must be just with them.

When talking with the negroes, Mr. Douglass urges them to ambitious labor for improvement. The whites he reminds of the past degradation of slavery, and bids them judge not from their superior height of culture and refinement, but the depths from which the negro is gradually emerging. At the end of the war the negro was turned adrift with less than the Israelites had when they came out of Egypt. A protecting Jehovah had bid these borrow jewelry from their taskmasters, and they borrowed in abundance and they have been peddling jewelry ever

since, to their own immense profit, and to others' impoverishment. But the negroes had no such help. They were turned adrift with nothing, no money, no houses, no lands, without education, among a people embittered against them by the harsh experiences of the war. The Czar of Russia, when he freed the serfs gave to each three acres of land upon which to earn a living, but these had nothing. To them it is manifestly unjust, after 250 years of slavery, to say, "Go forth, be a man among men." Not until education has been given them can this justly be said, and for this Mr. Douglass made a most eloquent plea. The blacks should be given the opportunities which the whites have so long enjoyed. Congressional action should early be taken upon this most important matter; and the wrongs of the past be in a measure redressed.

A fervent eulogy was added to the memory of General U. S. Grant for his uniform kindness to the colored race.

Mr. Douglass has long since passed the prime of his oratorical power, but he still retains the confidence of the people, and will ever enlist their sympathies in favor of this down-trodden race.

That "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" is well illustrated by the many complimentary things said of the Park. The spirit of improvement is infectious, and many have been the changes in its vicinity. Would it not be well now to extend the improvements northward? The school-house yard looks desolate indeed in comparison, and the little triangular park between Belleville Avenue and New Street might well be graded, and reduced to the conditions recognized in civilized communities. This work might be quickly and cheaply done and would well repay the cost. The grounds east of the First Presbyterian church are now being graded by the Trustees. The work should be completed by the Town Authorities to New Street.

## Special Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 22, 1885.

I think I said I would tell you about the Bell's Gap Railroad and the excursion taken over it to Rhododendron Park. But first let me incline your steps in the other direction, namely, to Cresson.

One does not need to describe it, or the way to it. The ride up the Alleghenies and around the Horse Shoe Curve has been so long familiar to travellers that to say anything about it is superfluous. What the travellers do not say, however, is that the scenery is less ravaged than in the past. The forest fires have ravaged all around Kittanning Park, and several industries and enterprising people have dug into the bank and made "shales," or excavated stone, to the detriment of the former beauty. A range of coke-ovens is scarcely redeemed by the luxuriance of the little cultivated spot at the extreme bend of the track, where tramps colloquy with the old flagman during the greater part of every day. Tramps, by the way, are fed too well in Pennsylvania to be anything but decent. I know one good woman in Altoona who has a little table on her back porch and who bakes flapjacks for them when they call. When I once reconnoitered with her she only said, "Poor fellows! why shouldn't I?" To be sure, why shouldn't she—being the woman she is!

Cresson is pretty well filled this year. The people there are not handsome, but they look good for their board-bills. Pittsburgh people fancy Cresson—especially Pittsburgh ladies fancy it, for it gives them a chance to wear white flannel dresses, and no one ever gets that in Pittsburgh. The grounds, too, are free from those odious Manhattan Beach and Glen Island restrictions about the grass and the walks. Children romp freely over the lawns—and it is a great place for them, you can be certain. They have a few "springs" there which a casual visitor had better let severely alone. The "alum" is sparkling and puckery—and the "iron" is the tailings of an old mine, quite dirty enough to be highly medicinal. But I had my experience several years ago, and declined to repeat it.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company in a quiet way have now obtained two roadways over the mountain. "New Portage" was a State enterprise, and was purchased by that company. After years of dispute it has now been reconstructed and constitutes a valuable addition to their purchase. It goes up the other side of the Alleghenies ravine and the tunnel is near their own. Very few persons know this history. It would make a capital magazine article for a bright and intelligent writer to give the story of the Allegheny transit. Originally the great turnpike crossed the mountain not far to the rear of Cresson. It is still open as a road and I have ridden (you can scarcely drive) over it from Duncansville to Cresson. For nearly twenty miles this fine old thoroughfare used to extend past the Fountain Inn and Gallitzin's "Blast Spring," forming the connecting link between the East and the West. The famous Fountain Inn is in decay and its picturesque dell is deserted except by a mountaineer's hamlet of three or four houses. Prince Gallitzin, who came here as a Romp Catholic priest and exerted a wide influence around this region, might have been blest the spring—for it is charmingly cool and clear, as all this mountain water is. I know no more delicious springs than these of the Alleghenies.

Then, after the days of the turnpike, came the "Old Portage" road, with its planes and levels. "Scalp Level" is a well-known resort near Johnstown, and the "Head of Ten" or the "Foot of Six" are definite locations still. The old grades and some of the stonies of the old trackway are easily found. At the "Summit" they can be plainly seen. It was by this road that Charles Dickens went West. He took the canal up to Huntingdon and then the boats were carried by car over to the other side of the mountain. His "American Notes" contain quite a curious reminiscence of the journey.

Next to follow the "Old Portage" in the march of improvement was the "New Portage." It was a railroad of immense cost and with a grade more advantageous than the present Pennsylvania. Once it was possible—and I did it then—to ride along the open roadbed, avoiding

piles of debris from the deep-cut cliffs, skirting the edges of forest-grown precipices, winding and turning through ways which at every step revealed the huge cost and utter final neglect of this great scheme. I have heard that it was intended to be a "public highway" for parallel "lines" of private conveyances. Think of the utter confusion of such a system! And yet, even in the days of the Pennsylvania Railroad, there have been many such private lines running between various points. The "Old Wall-lower Line" existed down to my own day by virtue of some charter or grant. It plied from Lancaster to Philadelphia. "Market cars"—short and quaint—can still be discovered, acting as hennepies or farm outhouses here and there. But with the destruction of the "New Portage" by its absorption into the Pennsylvania, away went all these private arrangements of every sort.

Now, as I understand, the P. R. R. have cleared out the old tunnel and have re-traced the track from Gallitzin to Duncansville on the Newry branch, which connects back again to Altoona. A possible short line might be constructed to operate along this route, leaving the main track considerably to the east of Altoona and returning via Newry in the vicinity of Cresson. But I do not know if it will be done. At present the new tracks afford needed storage room for unused freight cars, but I hear that the traffic is being largely increased within the last few days.

Going east from Altoona we find a nice little station known as Bellwood, or Bell's Mills. It is called after a family of good Baptists who had the sense to secure an admirable water supply. And at this point the picturesque little twenty-four mile railroad, of which I have spoken, intersects the Pennsylvania. I have often been over it, in its early narrow gauge state—and now again, on two occasions, since it has become a standard gauge. Under its present superintendent, Mr. R. G. Ford, whose house, bright with flowers and vines, is opposite the station at Bell's Mills, it has been extended and now makes a very efficient little "feeder."

Much of the coal consumed on the main line comes by this branch—which, by the way, is a separate corporation, but is largely controlled by P. R. R. capital and influence. The road winds up and around the sides of the mountain, crossing ravines on great "fills" which are safer but less picturesque than the tall trestles which they supersede. At one point it has the appearance of the Horse Shoe, and this point, below Point Lookout, is called the Mule Shoe Curve, from its length and narrowness. The scenery is lovely, and the glimpses back through the Juniata Valley are really worth going many miles to see. I cannot understand why it has never been thought best to build a summer hotel somewhere near the "Point." But I hear that this is now seriously contemplated. It would be at nearly the elevation of Cresson, would have the purest water and the coolest air, and would also have (what Cresson has not) the finest kind of outlook.

Suppose I close my Altoona sketches with the story of this week's Friday excursion. There were a good many others in the party, it is true, but the particular little crowd who went to the end of the Bell's Gap Railroad track included my good host, Mr. S. M. Woodcock, with his wife and daughter; Mr. G. W. Stratton, of the P. R. R., with his wife and several of his family and friends; and lastly your humble servant from Rhododendron Park, which is fitted up as a picnic ground, and where there was even a "merry-go-round" fied, we pushed on to Ironva in Clarfield county. Beyond the summit we reached a fairly well settled valley, with a long prospect of hill and valley stretching at one place towards Clarfield. Otherwise the scenery is monotonous, with much burned timberland and valuable miles of coal. Some sawmills are at work on hemlock timber. The farming does not look as if it paid.

One station is named Utahville. It is an old acquaintance of mine in the legends of this region and was formerly known as "Slide-town," because the families changed fathers and mothers so often that it was difficult to tell where the children belonged or to whom to send the doctors' bills. In fact I heard of it originally through the misadventures of a newly arrived physician who seemed to take it for granted that people kept their names, locations and associations as they did in other parts of the world. But when he found that children adopted any parents that pleased them, and that the heads of families camped wherever they liked, he was in dismay. I think that it was convenient for my narrator to stop the story at this exciting paragraph. I never heard how the poor fellow got through his tribulations.

Returning, the Master Mechanic produced an unexpected store of peanuts—some half bushel or so, which he distributed with a solemn countenance. Mr. Woodcock, who has business and land interests in the region, acted as guide, interpreter and friend, but could not complete the "Slide-town" story. The girls and boys of the party sang glees and catches of different sorts and were interested in a (supposititious) "Mormon" with a long beard, whom the Dominie selected from the group at Utahville to point the moral of that thrilling legend. Finally a "native" squared himself in one of the seats—dismissing such a party as we were—and two enormous mud-covered cowhide boots out of the window, one to the right of him and one to the left of him, reclined his head on the seat-arm, and while he accurately expostulated between them, I would have rejoiced to have secured possession of a photograph of that side of the car—and of those boots!

At Rhododendron Park we rejoined the main party, who were up in large numbers from Altoona. But the ancient beauty of the Park is much affected by the forest fires, the cutting of trees, and the consequent death of the splendid rhododendrons which once made a thicket of all this region. I grieved over it, and although a new corner would see a very pretty sight yet, to me, the "praiser of by-gone scenes," the aspect was tame and commonplace.

News came in the afternoon that a bad wreck had occurred at Shawl Run and that we must be prepared to walk around it. True enough indeed we found this sad report. We climbed around the cars, on the edges of the great "fill" and along the old roadbed by the side of the "cut" in which the accident had happened. The Graduate showed her Wellesley manual education and scrambled with me to the sharp tip of the curve's edge. Thence, looking down about sixty feet, we saw a strange sight. A wrecking party from the Pennsylvania were laying track, lifting and dragging out a crippled engine and working like a hive of bees, according to orders transmitted through a field-battery which a telegraph operator attended by the side of the track. It might have been a scene from the last war.

Fortunately no one was hurt—but it was a wonderful escape. One of the "pony-wheels" of an engine going down the mountain had

broken on the flange. The engine left the track and plunged into the bank, which it gouged and gored until the cab caved in over the engineer and fireman. The track was all torn up and the only surprise was that no one was injured.

While the wreckers were here so busily at work, they suddenly heard the warning whirr of a rattlesnake. When I came down to the place Mr. Turner, the telegraph operator, showed me the eight fresh rattles from the creature's tail, and there on the bank—his head crushed under two stones—stretched the writhing three-foot body of the snake. The Graduate had been hoping (and I think praying) all day for a rattlesnake "to make a belt of"—and this was her golden occasion. When we reached home that evening she bore in triumph the fine crochus twisted around a stick—and I suppose some day I shall see that belt!

The last hand I grasped on leaving Altoona was through the car-window. It was the honest grip of William P. Irvin, the night station-master, wishing me, at the last moment, a safe journey. So I left my blessing with him and a good many more in the Mountain City, and spun away down here.

---  
Talk about an honest man starving to death! God will feed an honest man if he has to put the angels on half-rations.

---  
Lundborg's Perfume, Edisto.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Marchal Niel Room.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

BENEDICT'S TIME  
DIAMONDS  
AND  
WATCHES  
A SPECIALTY.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.  
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHAINS,  
Rich Jewelry and Silverware.

Having enlarged our Store, and made extensive improvements, we are the better enabled to display our large and choice stock.

West side elevated train stop at Cortland Street, near rear of Benedict Building. Ten minutes from 14th Street.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,  
KEEPERS OF THE CITY TIME.

Only Ritors, Benedict Building, Broadway and Cortland Street.  
Established 1821.

## ACKERMAN &amp; CAMPBELL,

Successors to T. E. Hayes.

## PRACTICAL PLUMBERS.

Steam and Gas Fitters,

TIN, COPPER, &amp; SHEET IRON WORKERS

Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Etc.,

GLENWOOD AVE.,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully given.

---  
RICHARDSON & BOYNTON COMPANY,  
Manufacturers of  
FURNACES, RANGES AND STOVES,  
232 & 234 Water Street,  
New York, May 30, 1885.

Ackerman & Campbell are now  
Agents for Richardson & Boynton Co's  
Popular Heating Furnaces, Cooking  
Ranges, Etc., where these goods can be  
seen and examined.

Only first-class work done.  
RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO.,  
Mfrs, 232 & 234 Water St.,  
New York.

## TIME TABLES.

Carefully Corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK, &amp; WESTERN RAILROAD.

Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

---  
TO NEW YORK.

Leave Montclair 6:03, 7:15, 7:52, 8:28, 9:15,  
10:35, 11:35, a. m., 12:40, 1:40, 2:30, 4:40, 5:25,  
6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 10, 11:05, p. m., 12:30 a. m.  
Leave Glen Ridge 6:06, 7:17, 7:54, 8:29, 9:17,  
10:37, 11:37, a. m., 12:43, 1:43, 3:33, 4:42, 5:27,  
6:13, 7:00, 8:18, 9:43, 11:08 p. m., 12:33 a. m.  
Leave Bloomfield 6:10, 7:19, 7:56, 8:31, 9:19,  
10:39, 11:39, a. m., 12:46, 1:45, 3:35, 4:44, 5:29,  
6:15, 6:59, 8:20, 9:45, 11:10, p. m., 12:25 a. m.

Arrive Newark 6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 9:30, 10:50,  
11:50 a. m., 1:08, 1:58, 3:47, 5:00, 6:40, 8:30,  
7:26, 8:37, 10:08, 11:22 p. m., 12:34 a. m.  
Arrive New York 6:30, 8:00, 8:40, 9:10,  
10:00, 11:30 a. m., 12:30, 1:40, 2:30, 4:30, 5:30,  
6:10, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p. m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York 6:30, 7:30, 8:10, 9:30,  
10:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:20, 4:50,  
5:30, 6:10, 7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 11:15 p. m.  
Leave Newark 6:40, 7:15, 7:58, 8:43, 10:03,  
11:13, 11:53 a. m., 12:45, 1:45, 3:15, 5:25, 6:03,  
6:53, 7:48, 9:03, 10:38, 11:53 p. m.  
Arrive Bloomfield 6:51, 7:26, 8:09, 8:55,  
10:15, 11:15 a. m., 12:05, 1:25, 2:55, 4:24, 5:04,  
5:37, 6:15, 7:05, 8:10, 9:40, 10:50, 12:04,  
1:04, 1:44, 2:44, 3:44, 4:44, 5:44, 6:44, 7:44,  
8:44, 9:44, 10:44, 11:44 p. m.

Arrive Glen Ridge 2 minutes later.

\* Indicates that train does not stop at Newark.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R. R.

Chambers and 23d Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair 5:28, 6:57, 7:43, 8:48,  
10:47, a. m., 1:26, 4:45, 7:03 p. m.  
Leave Montclair 5:33, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52,  
a. m., 1:34, 4:50, 7:11 p. m.  
Leave Bloomfield 5:38, 7:06, 7:59, 8:57,  
10:56, a. m., 1:38, 4:54, 7:14 p. m.  
Arrive New York 6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40,  
a. m., 2:25, 5:40, 7:55, p. m.  
Train leaving Upper Montclair 9:58 p. m.,  
Montclair 10:03 p. m., and Bloomfield 10:08  
p. m., runs Saturday nights only.  
Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a. m.  
and 7:11 p. m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York 6:00, 8:40, 12:00, p. m., 3:40,  
4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p. m., Leaves 23rd st.,  
5:45, 9:45 a. m., 12:45, 2:45, 3:40, 5:30, 15, 7:45,  
p. m.  
Arrive Bloomfield 6:40, 9:28 a. m., 12:43,  
1:19, 5:23, 6:29, 7:05, 8:32, p. m.  
Arrive at Montclair 7:02, 9:32, 12:49 a. m.,  
1:24, 5:29, 6:26, 7:11, 8:46, p. m.  
Arrive Upper Montclair 7:06, 9:36, a. m.,  
12:53, 4:28, 5:33, 6:37, 10:16, 8:50, p. m.  
Also a Saturday train from New York at 12:04  
p. m. for the accommodation of theatre goers,  
arriving at Bloomfield 12:47, Montclair 12:52,  
Upper Montclair 12:56 a. m.  
Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a. m.  
and 8:00 p. m.  
Sunday trains from Orange 7:00, 9:00, 11:00,  
a. m., 2:00, 4:00, 6:00, 8:30, p. m.  
Sunday trains from Orange leave New York  
7:45, 9:45 a. m., 12:45, 2:45, 3:15, 9:15, p. m.  
Pavonia Ferry, foot of Twenty-third street  
North river, to and from Jersey City every  
fifteen minutes, from 6:15 a. m. to 6:45 p. m.,  
very half-hour, commencing A. M. 19, 1885. Sundays, 5:45 a. m. to 10:15 p. m.,  
very half-hour, connecting with various horse  
car lines both in New York and Jersey City.

## Central Dry Goods Store.

FRAZEE, CONNETT &amp; CO.

"OUR BUILDING."

No. 659 BROAD STREET.

Seasonable Summer Stuffs.

WE OPEN TODAY.

Especially Desirable.

BLACK SURAHs, GRENADES.

Plain and Brocaded.

Nun's Veilings &amp; Carmelite Cloths

FIGURED INDIAN POWERS, IN CLOTHES, SILK  
LINS, ORGANDIES AND LINEN CLOTHS.

Also Elegant Novelty in

Embroideries, Laces,

EMBOILED ROHS.

The Ruchings, Ribbons, Jones' White Goods, Best  
Grades for Ladies' Home wear of Fine  
Dresses, Turkey Red Embroideries and  
Laces and All OVER.

EMBROIDERED FLANNELS.

And everything useful for Infants' Wardrobes. Also  
an unusually Fine Assortment of Fine

FANCY PARASOLS.

In Choicest Styles of Coverings, Linings and Handles  
and the Best of Fabric.

Sun Umbrellas and Small Rain Umbrellas.

In Best of Twilled Silks and Rhinoceros, at Lowest Price  
at which good goods can be furnished.

The Old Stand, Established 30 Years Ago.

OIL-CLOTH,

Form 25 cts. per Yard up.

WALL PAPER

10 cts. per Roll.

WINDOW SHADES,

WHITE LEAD AND OIL, READY-MIXED

PAINTS.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTING, PAPERING, ETC.

A. A. SIPPEL,

93 Market Street,

Opp. Washington.

Newark, N. J.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New

Jersey, between the Mutual Benefit  
Life Insurance Company, complainant,  
and Nora H. Hayes, et al., defendants. Fi.  
fa. for sale of mortgaged property.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri  
facias, to me directed, I shall expose for  
sale by public vendue, at the Court House,  
in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-second  
day of September next, at two o'clock P. M.,  
all that tract or parcel of land and premises  
situate, lying and being in the town-  
ship of Bloomfield, Essex County, New  
Jersey.

Beginning in the southerly line of Linden  
avenue at the northwest corner of  
land sold by Phineas J. Ward to William  
Jarvis; thence running southerly along  
said Jarvis' line at right angles to Linden  
avenue two hundred feet; thence westerly  
parallel with said avenue sixty feet;  
thence northerly parallel with the first  
course two hundred feet to said avenue;  
thence easterly along Linden avenue ninety  
feet to the place of beginning.

Newark, N. J., July 20, 1885.

WILLIAM H. BROWN, Sheriff.  
F. K. HOWELL, Solicitor. \$3.00

ON THE ENGINE.

Running a Locomotive While the Engine Sticks—  
Something the Passengers I did not know—  
A Physician Saves an Engineer.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I am an engineer on the Old Colony R. R. road, and run the Fall River boat from Boston to Fall River and Lowell, residing in Taunton. For ten years I suffered every hot breath from dyspepsia, indigestion, such burning sick headaches that I could scarcely see. I think this was due partly to a cold of the stomach, and partly to the use of the engine. Sometimes my head would snap like a nut, and again it would feel as if my eyes, which would feel as if a stone's weight, my breath was very oppressive, and my food would not seem to enter my stomach. I was very nervous, and felt as though I was a great deal of a nervous wreck, and what a good thing it was that I had the best of the century travel, the constant air-brotherhood, and I had been treated by some of the best physicians in Taunton and Lowell. At this critical time, Dr. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY was recommended to me. It was new to me, and with my expectation of bed, I can easily forgive me for saying that I had not a particle of faith in it.

I had taken it but a few days when I began to get better. The next morning, John Layton, an engineer who runs the main line boat from Boston, came on board my engine, and he was so nervous he almost broke down crying. "Now, John," I said, "cheer up, I've got something on my engine that will set up a jiffy." I took out my bottle of FAVORITE REMEDY, filled his hand and gave him a good dose. He went to his bed and lay down looking as if he was a better man. "John," he said, "was that what you gave me?" "Yes," I said, "it was Dr. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, Rondout, N. Y." "Well, I don't care whose remedy it is, it's the thing for a man on the railroad." So say we all, and let us have it.

Yours, etc., DANIEL FITTS.  
This preparation goes to the root of